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Latin School Register

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MARCH, 1902

ISSUED MONTHLY

THE RHYME OF SIR THOMAS LEA

O, cauld blaws the wind frae the mountain
tops,

And staur and stark do the bare trees stand
And the sleet ta's fast wi' its icy drops ;

O, grim hung the darkness o'er a' the land !

'Twas Diccon the Red who rade fast the
night,

Alang wi' his master, Sir Thomas Lea ;

"O, Diccon, my man, do ye spy a light ?

For there maun be safety for you and me."

"Nae light can I spy, neither far nor near ;
The snaw laps my een like a winding sheet."

"Ride on !" quo' Sir Thomas ; "the bell I
hear ;

We'll soon be awa' frae the cauld and
sleet."

"O, 'tis not the bell on the castle wa'
Ye hear but the blast in the tree-tops high."

"But soon will we win to my lady's ha',
And there may we winter and storm defy."

"And there will they welcome ye in, my
lord ?

Ye ken that her brother would gar ye die."

"Her brother is seeking me far abroad,

Sae never a foe in her hall have I."

"I fear to that castle I'll never win,
Sae deep lies the snaw ower a' the road."

"Nay, look, Diccon, yonder's the tiny linn,
That down frae the wall o' the keep hath
flowed."

O, cauld blaws the wind frae the mountain
tops,

And staur and stark do the bare trees stand,
As Sir Thomas Lea 'neath the portal stops,

And knocks on the gate wi' his mailed hand.

"O, get ye awa' now, ye porter man,

O, get ye awa' to your ladye gay,

And say that or ever the night began,

Frae a battle lost did I flee away.

"And hard on my tracks doth the Douglas
ride,

And hither for safety he's garr'd me flee,

For mair wi'out shelter I canna' bide ;

Sae carry this word to your fair ladye.

"And gie her this ring that she gave to me,
And say 'tis her true love that waits below."

"O, what would ye have now, Sir Thomas
Lea,

Wi' the wife of your countrie's deadly foe ?

"Your ladye has wed wi' a Douglas true,

And never a thought does she have for thee ;

Sae sin' she hath ta'en her a lover new,

I trow ye'll gang elsewhere, Sir Thomas
Lea."

"Come hither, my men," cried that porter
man,

"For here 'neath the gate stands the traitor
Lea !"

Sae forth frae from the donjon the yeomen ran,
But never a step would Sir Thomas flee.

O, cauld blaws the wind frae the mountain
 tops,

And staur and stark do the bare trees stand ;
And on, thro' the sleet, mid its icy drops,

Rides the Douglas bauld wi' his bluidy band,

And e'en as he spurs toward the castle wa',

Two men newly slain doth he sudden see ;

The one was bauld Diccon, all red with gore,

The other was noble Sir Thomas Lea.

H. A. B.

THE CHARMING MISS GRANT

IT was the last day of the April vacation.

As Jack West boarded the 1 o'clock express for Boston, he noticed that the train was well-filled and he considered himself lucky to get a seat alone. Comfortably settled near the window he looked about him at his fellow-travellers. At the end of the car was the inevitable Italian emigrant with his large unwieldy bundles, and his horde of young children. Directly in front of him was a stout red-faced man whose ample bulk took up almost the whole seat. Just across the aisle was a young woman dressed in black, who was travelling alone. This passenger interested Jack very much. She was heavily veiled, but in spite of this he could see she was very pretty.

Having satisfied himself with his scrutiny of his fellow-passengers, Jack lay back in his seat to doze. The first stop was to be New Haven, which they would not reach until 2.33 o'clock. He thought of the happy school-life which he had spent in Boston, of the many friends he had made, of his record in athletics, of his heart-breaking run and victory in the mile run over Howe of High School. Then his thoughts reverted to his pleasant home on the Hudson, to his friends at home, to the fun he had during vacation, to the coming "exams" ; and he felt pained at the thought of leaving the old school, for this was his last year.

Dreaming thus of events of the past, and of those which might come in the future, he was

rudely interrupted by the conductor, who asked him for his ticket. Duly delivered and punched, he placed it in his pocket and went back to his dreaming. A disturbance near him aroused him.

"I'm sure I had it just a little while ago. It must have dropped down on the floor somewhere," he heard from the young lady across aisle.

"Well, we've hunted for it all over the place, and unless it's found when I come back you'll have to pay another fare, or get off at New Haven," was heard in the gruff tones of the surly conductor.

The young woman hunted a few minutes more and then with an exclamation of distress sat down in her seat and showed signs of bursting into tears. This was more than Jack could stand. Rising with uplifted hat he said to her.

"Mayn't I help you in your search?"

"Oh, if you would be so kind," exclaimed the young woman.

Jack searched that seat from top to bottom, until, remembering that once a brakeman, a friend of his, had lost a bunch of keys in a sort of pocket under the seat, he lifted the seat, and found the long, green ticket neatly folded up and tucked away as if by human fingers in this narrow pocket. He fished it out and gave it to the now smiling young woman, who overwhelmed him with thanks. Naturally a conversation ensued from this little circumstance,

and as it was awkward talking across the aisle, Jack sat down beside the young woman. She was an orphan. Her father had been killed in a terrible railroad accident only three months before. Her mother she didn't remember. She was going to Boston to live with her uncle, and to study music. This much Jack learned by the time the train reached New Haven. A great many people crowded on. As a natural consequence, Jack moved his valise to the rack over Miss Grant's head and gave up his seat to the new-comers. A boy with cool drinks came through the car. Did Miss Grant think that a little phosha would taste good! Why, certainly, and Jack went down into his pocket for the necessary change.

By the time the train reached Willimantic the young people felt on very intimate terms with one another. All the refreshments that the train boasted were at the disposal of the charming Miss Grant. The train was about an hour's ride out of Boston. Now, when two persons sit together in one car-seat their arms are very likely to get cramped. So it was a natural result that Jack's arm, — but, of course, this was shocking boldness, though Miss Grant was very good looking, there was no getting over the fact, and, besides, she needed comfort and encouragement to enable her to bear her lonely position. So after all Jack wanted only to lend a helping hand, a helping

arm, in fact. Thus the the train rolled on, and the lights of Forest Hills had just flashed by. Miss Grant desired to know what time it was and Jack obligingly complied. It was 5.50 o'clock, the train was just on time. She gave him her address and he promised to call upon her. Now, as she was going to get off at Back Bay, would Mr. West be so kind as to help her on with her things? In a minute the train rolled into the covered shed of Back Bay station, and Miss Grant hastily got off.

The train rolled on. Jack put on his hat and coat and took his satchel from the rack. The train rolled slowly into the long shed of the South Terminal. Jack was among the first ones off. He decided to get lunch at the station restaurant, and walked into the large room and took a seat on one of the stools. While waiting for his order, he tried to finger his watch charm, as was his wont when idle. Somehow he could not seem to find it. Then he looked down at his watch-pocket. It was empty. Slowly it dawned upon him that he was "up against it," but being of a philosophical turn of mind, he simply said,

"Jack West, of all fools, you are the biggest."

With which comforting reflection, he went out, hailed a passing cab, and was driven to his lodgings.

E. E. H., '03.

It was with the deepest regret that we learned, a few weeks ago, of the death of Albert Victor Martin of the second class. He was well on the road to recovery from an attack of pneumonia, and was already contemplating his return to school, when his heart gave way, and in a few hours he was no longer alive. As he was a brilliant scholar, a boy whose influence was invariably for good, it was a deep and heartfelt sorrow to all who knew

him that so promising a career should be so suddenly cut short. To the father and mother, and to all the friends who knew and loved him, THE REGISTER extends its warmest and most sincere sympathy.

R. M. Green, B. L. S., '98, had the honor of reading an original poem to Prince Henry of Prussia during the latter's visit to Harvard.

T H E S M A L L B O Y

HAVING heard so much lately about the small boy, I shall endeavor to portray the little fellow as he really is, and not as someone else thinks he ought to be. You cannot judge the small boy by his looks; they were made for no such purpose. Do not let others judge him for you, either, for he creates a different impression on everyone. You should examine his general makeup, his constitutional or natural properties; tear asunder, patch up, elucidate and enlarge him. None know his mental makeup. He has none. An unlettered linguist, speaking a thousand languages, which are perfectly unintelligible to all, is this ambiguous little boy.

It is debatable whether he is a mistake or a misinterpretation, but at any rate he is the delight of his ma and pa. Nothing is too good for him, except occasionally a toy drum — and his diabolical desire to make use of it, especially when ma has a headache, — a bright mud spot on his clean white waist, and his indefatigable persistency in asking questions, which his elders do not answer, for reasons.

Occasionally, not as a general rule — if we extend the word general to every minute of the day — he gets into mischief. Of course, he does not mean harm, his intentions are far from that, but yet he does it, and that is sufficient to be to somebody's material disadvantage. Please note the following:

Since there is always a pussy in every house which is graced with a small boy, it is but natural that there exist a bitter race enmity between the two. Sometimes the cat uses her claws to good advantage; more often the small boy succeeds in ducking it, baking it (by putting it into he oven), or hanging it. Nothing appeals to his compassion. He has none.

Sometimes he wants to be a sailor, and, for want of something better, he utilizes his dad's

new straw hat, launching it with great delight on the edge of the pond. This furnishes him enjoyment till, nearly water-logged, it is rescued by a gentleman of the Weary Willie pattern, who preserves it as a souvenir of his nearest approach to water. Thus the small boy is contented, although indeed others may suffer in consequence of his works.

Who has the courage to tell this chap he is wrong? Is it wrong (i. e., a crime) to pull the cherries off ma's Sunday bonnet and throw them into the Rev. Mr. Huddleton's tall silk hat? Or to refer to this (in the reverend man's presence) as the parson's stove-pipe? Or to ask Charlie (Clara's caller) what his big sister means by calling him a bore?

In short, and in conclusion, I must say that the small boy is the most indefinite creature known, with no fixed purpose, and giving way to every fanciful turn of his mind — which always produces negative results. He always has confidence in himself; yes, he can carry an egg across the room safely — and if he does drop it he nevertheless has succeeded — in breaking it. He is a new revelation — entirely unknown and unheard of a few years previous — suddenly come into prominence and instantaneous favor. What master has ever accomplished so much? Shakespeare had to die before his genius could be recognized, but the small boy is a pronounced success on the occasion of his first appearance. *Requiescat in pace.*

W. J. A. B. '03.



Se de barraser des cousins.

To get rid of one's cousins.

Sacpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice corvix.

A hollow, sinister crow often predicted from an oak.

M I L I T A R Y

ALTHOUGH this number of THE REGISTER will probably not be in the hands of its readers until the day before that on which the Prize Drill occurs, even at this late time it is almost impossible to predict the result of the drill for which the battalions have been preparing so long. All the arrangements have been completed, and the drill ought to be a great success. The committee of arrangements, consisting of Captains Hibbard, Fitzpatrick, Bellows, Dyer and Gatch, and Lieutenants Brown and Davison, the first two serving *ex-officio*, the others elected by the officers of the battalions, have secured Mechanics' Hall for March 25, and the sale of seats has been fairly good. The companies will go on the floor in the following order:

"Pony" Companies.

Co. G., Captain Hicks.
Co. H., Captain Gatch.
Co. F., Captain Bonelli.

Senior Companies.

Co. B., Captain Bellows.
Co. D., Captain Richey.
Co. C., Captain Flanagan.
Co. E., Captain Dyer.
Co. A., Captain Fitzpatrick.

The rivalry among the companies has been intense all through the year. The five senior companies are evenly matched, and the two prizes will probably be decided by one or two points only. Among the "Pony" companies there is almost equal rivalry, and equal uncertainty as to the result. THE REGISTER being represented in five different companies, it is rather difficult for us to wish any one captain success, so we must content ourselves with wishing all success to the best man and the best company.

The individual drill will also be an unusually good one this year. Each company has held a competitive drill of its own, which has rarely been done in the past, and thus the squad that marches on to the prize drill floor under Captain Hibbard will be made up of the best drilled men in the battalions. Three men will be entered from each company, making a total of twenty-four, a small squad. As was the case last year, three rounds will probably be necessary to decide the prize.

What made the drill yard so popular this month in the drill hour? It is really not a particularly good place to work in, especially when over-crowded.

THE REGISTER has been rather late in congratulating Color-Sergeant Heath on his appointment. We hope our sincerity will make amends for our delay.

The officers are waiting to have their pictures taken in uniform in hopes of having one or two more stripes after the prize drill.

Let us hope that it will be pleasant enough on the twenty-fifth for the battalions to march from the school to the hall. However, we may get a free ride out of it, if it should rain.

Speaking of rain, do *not* wear your white ducks to school if there is a howling tempest. You can put them on at the hall just as well as not, and if you wear them it will be very bad for their looks, and, incidentally, you may get pneumonia yourself. New drillers, please notice!

Why did the second class show up so poorly in the sale of seats for the drill?

Cheer up, you who don't get prizes! Some one has got to be beaten, and if you have done your best it is no disgrace to lose a prize.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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MARCH, 1902

THE attitude of public and private schools toward one another has not always, with regret be it said, been entirely friendly. That this is not so much the case now as some years ago is certain, but still there is almost always a prejudice in the minds of public schoolboys, and in the eyes of their parents, who usually see school matters with the eyes of their sons, against private schools, and *vice versa*. The public school pupil is inclined to look upon all private schools as mere machines for coasting into college and places where everything is considered important except work; and the boy who attends a private school is only too apt to become snobbish in his attitude towards boys who do not pay for their education. Why this attitude, wrong as it is on both sides, should exist is not hard to see. There are certain private schools in which a boy is crammed for a college education, and where, until the last weeks before the final test, the pupil—we could scarcely call him him student—is left almost entirely to his own devices. It is almost needless to say that these schools do not represent the best type of private schools any more than the backwoods village school represents the great public school system of America. As to the other point of view, that of the private school boy, there is very little to be said. That a snobbish and ungenerous attitude does exist among a certain class of boys in private schools is undeniable; but we should be sorry—not for ourselves, but for the private schools—to think that this was the real spirit towards these institutions which have, perhaps more than anything else, made our country what it is to-day, by educating its inhabitants. An editor of a certain paper, published by a private school, recently refused to exchange with *THE REGISTER* on the ground that it came from a public school—the school of Ralph Waldo Emerson and President Eliot, of Motley and Phillips Brooks. However, we think too well of our contemporaries and neighbors, the private schools, to suppose this attitude representative of the body of private school students; this snobbishness, arising merely from ungrounded prejudice, is only on the surface, and, like all surface diseases, while very noticeable, has no deep root. On both sides there has been unmerited scorn, and it is our duty to dispel whatever slight unpleasantness may remain, we of the public school by an increased respect for the scholarship of the private schools,

and they by an increased respect for the boys of the public schools.

May 1, the day when the prize written exercises are due, is close at hand, and this leads us to say a few words with reference to these exercises to the boys of the classes below the first. For some years it has been tacitly understood by the boys of the school that the three prizes for original written work open to the entire school are to be awarded only to members of the senior class. This notion, wrong as it is, is hard to get rid of, for the reason that a majority of the best writers of the school are usually in the graduating class, but this is no reason why members of the lower classes who have talent should not display it. If you win a prize thus while in one of the younger classes, the honor is far greater than if you wait until your senior year, and if you fail, at least you are making the competition worth while. Come out, you boys who occasionally get a "B" in English — if there are any who ever get "A" they should feel almost sure of winning a prize — and make your grandfathers of the first class work for their triumph; translate the "*Culex*," you Latin scholars, and at least try to win the prize for it; you may do it. Invoke your several muses, prospective Miltons of the sixth class; there is a surprisingly small supply of competitors for this prize. The point of all which harangue is, don't think those three prizes in Section VII. of the list of prizes in the catalogue were made for seniors alone.

Last month there appeared in THE REGISTER an editorial on the reading of books which would be enjoyable, and at the same time profitable to a school-boy. There is one department of literature, however, that was not touched upon in that article, and with very good reason, for, while literature, it is not primarily to be read, but to be heard. The drama of the world has, from the days of Æschylus, been one of the greatest of literary forms; and

there are few great poets who have not sometimes cast their thoughts in dramatic form. It is superfluous, as a rule at least, to urge a boy to go to the theatre; but it seems highly necessary to urge him to go to good things, to see standard plays, well acted, in lieu of poorly-played melodramas. Let us take it for granted that the average boy goes to the theatre to enjoy himself. How is he to get the greatest amount of enjoyment? Not by seeing plays and players that he knows to be poor, surely, for his pleasure must be infinitely lessened by that very knowledge. Not by going to a play to which he would not like to take his sister or mother, for then he cannot but be half ashamed of his being in such a place. It only remains, then, to see good, clean, well-acted plays, if one wishes to get the full enjoyment out of an evening at the theatre. "Yes," the boy says, "but Pa took me to see 'The Merchant of Venice,' and I didn't like it." That is because he did not know how to like it. In the first place, before you go to the theatre, read the play you are to see if you possibly can do so; if you are to see Shakespeare, read the *play*, not Lamb's tales. You must know the play if you expect to enjoy it. Make yourself familiar with plays you are likely to see; it takes only an hour or so to read almost any play from one end to the other. Secondly, accustom yourself to forming critical judgments of plays and actors. Write these down if you can; keep a record, with critical notes, of the plays you see. Lastly, get used to good plays and good acting by seeing as little of poor, badly-acted plays as you can. Follow these rules, and you will get a pleasure out of the theatre that you never dreamed of before.



Un grand frise.

A great flirt.

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N O T E S

For the benefit of our exchanges we wish to state that we *will not* have an exchange column. The reasons for this decision are numerous, and it is inflexible—at least while the present staff is in control. We are extremely tired of hearing other papers tell us how much we need an exchange column, and since, like Shylock, “no prayers can move us,” we must request them to “let up” on that extremely trite subject.

In spite of the bad weather, our officers’ dance, on February 22, was a great success, and the dance committee deserves much credit for the excellent way in which the affair was managed. It is a pity, however, that the classes below the first take so little interest in their school dance. They were represented by only a very few members.

The composition exchange for the first class with Roxbury Latin and Malden High Schools was, from our point of view, a great success. It is rumored, however, that R. L. S. is seeking for vengeance.

In the meet held in the Boston College gymnasium on February 28, the B. L. S. relay team beat Mechanics’ Arts High School by 3-4 lap. Murray gained about 1-4 lap on Chapman, a lead which Hanlon increased. McCusker ended 1-2 a lap ahead of Clapp, and Freedman finished 3-4 lap ahead of O’Brien. Freedman also won the 25-yard dash, beating Wyman of E. H. S., and Chesterman of B. C. in the finals.

At the B. A. A. meet on the 8th of February, Whorf, captain of last year’s track team, ran in the Harvard class relay races on the victorious freshman team.

Measles seems to be descending on the school in full force. It has been particularly fatal among the school *litterateurs* (?), Bellows and House both returning to the days of their childhood for two weeks or so. Almost every day a new victim is reported; it is surprising to see how many of us avoided having it (or *them*, it is rather hard to say which) at the suitable time.

Bis venit ad mulctram.

Twice a day he comes to be milked.

Caprum excipere.

To cut a caper.

A. L. Richards and L. R. Clapp, B. L. S., ’99, were among the first eight elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society from the junior class at Harvard.

At a recent election of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, R. M. Grun, B. L. S., ’98, was elected Recording Secretary, and A. L. Richards, ’99, Poet.

Orso donna des’ eperons a son chevaux.

Orso gave some urges to his hair.

Quelques femmes s’arrachaient les cheveux.

Some women stopped the horses.

Elle donna un banc a M. le curé.

She gave the parson her pew rent.

Relevant ses lunettes vertes sur son front

Raising his green eyes on his face.

Dum iuga aper amabit.

So long as the ape loves the jug.

Boy reciting ancient history:—

“One of the most important entrances into the Mediterranean lands in ancient times was the Nile River and the Suez Canal.”

Latin School Register II

On February 21, the first exercises commemorative of Washington held in the Latin School under the new system were held in the Exhibition Hall, and were entirely successful. Mr. Capen opened the exercises, as he has done for so many years, with a piano selection, "National Airs." R. S. Richey, winner of the first reading prize last spring, read a part of Washington's Farewell Address, an invariable custom in the school since, we are inclined to think, the days of Noah. After two musical numbers, L. A. Dougher, '02, read an original essay, "A Washington Miniature," which was extremely good. A. T. Davison, '02, the school Paderewski, played a piano selection, and the exercises were closed by an address by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of Arlington Street Church, and a former Latin School boy of the class of '83. Both Mr. Frothingham's address and Dougher's essay emphasized what is in danger of being forgotten, that Washington was not a demigod but a modest, and, though high-tempered, yet a self-controlled man. Let us hope that the class day, on April 23, will be as successful as was the Washington's Birthday celebration.

After the exercises in the hall an exhibition drill was given, which went exceedingly well. After the salute to the colors, Captain Richey commanding, and battalion drill, under Captain Fitzpatrick, the eight companies drilled in pairs, and the exhibition was closed by a battalion parade, Captain Dyer being in command. After the close of the drill the entire school was dismissed.

The English high school battalions will have their prize drill on one day, instead of on two, as heretofore.

The prize drill of the suburban schools will not occur until the 1st of May.

Strauss, '02, has been confined to his home for several weeks with water on the knee.

Alas! we were *not* dismissed to see Prince Henry.

Will some one kindly inform Room 18 whether *Centigrade* was a man?

Appuyant ses poings aux bras de son fauteuil.
Applying his fists to his father-in-law's back.

Le coq chanterait.

And the cook would sing.

UNCLE JEDIDIAH'S DURHAM

"I WAS a cuttin' off bushes along the side of the road when Lem came along with the Durham hitched to the hind end of his lamb-rack.

"I sez to him, neighborly like, 'How be ye.' He hauled up, and asked my opinion of the critter. She was a pretty one, no mistake, and so I sez, 'She looks like a good one. Where'd you get her, Lem?'

"He didn't answer, but sez, 'Uncle Jed, will you take her ta square up?'

"I nêar fell on my scythe, for Lem had

owed me twenty-five going on three years. I sez to myself, 'Uncle Jedidiah, now or never,' and told Lem to unhitch her.

"We untied her, and led her to the barn.

"Lem Hopkins is a sharp one, and I thought 'twas mighty queer that he gave me that cow, wuth, as I reckoned, about forty dollars, for the twenty-five he'd owed me nigh onto three years; but I couldn't see a blessed out about her.

"Milking time she gave fifteen quarts. This aint no exaggeration, cus I milked her

myself. But in the morning she didn't give enough to feed Aunt Mercy's kitten.

"I kept her with the cattle two days, and not a blessed quart of milk did I get. I commenced to smell a rat, and sez to myself, 'Uncle Jedidiah, yer better investigate.'

"I commenced with her tail and looked her over agin. I found nary a thing the matter with her, 'cept her ribs were stickin' out more and more.

"I told Mercy about it and she sez, 'Has she any teeth?'

"I had forgotten to look in her mouth, and when I did, I couldn't find a tooth. I sez to myself, 'This is what comes, Uncle Jedidiah, for doin' things hind end foremost.'

"Hiram told me to butcher her, but I sez to myself, 'Uncle Jedidiah, don't you 'disgrace the family on no account.' Just as if I'd butcher a cow without teeth!

"I went over to Hiram's and called his youngsters out, Steve, Pel, Dan, and the two pair of twins.

"I sez to 'em, 'I'll give any one of yer two cents for a mouthful of spruce gum all chewed up. Bring it over to the barn.'

"You ought to see those youngsters skidaddle over to Hiram's wood-lot! It wasn't long before they were back.

"I had an idea. When Mercy had her new teeth, I see the doctor put a whole lot of spruce gum in her mouth to get an impression. So I sez to myself, 'Uncle Jedidiah, why can't you make some for the cow!'

"I took all kids into the barn, and after we got the cuds together, Steve helped me get it into the cow's mouth. We got a great impression.

"I paid the youngsters off and sent them home.'

"I got my axe and went back to my wood-lot. I sized up a pretty rock-maple, got a piece the size I wanted and went home.

"I whetted up my knife and got to work.

'Twasn't long before I had as pretty set of teeth as any of you ever see. I smoothed 'em up with sand-paper, and the second time I tried 'em on they fitted like a shingle. The critter couldn't shake 'em out.

"Now folks can talk about critters knowin' nothin'; but I don't jibe with 'em, for that cow never tried the teeth, until I sez to myself, 'Uncle Jedidiah, how can yer 'spect a cow to know how to use teeth, if she never see the like.' So I went in and got Mercy to show her. The cow pitched in, and before night she ate a wheel-barrow load of fodder-corn. This is no exaggeration cus I fed her myself.

"It was amazin' to see that cow eat! When I turned her loose with the other cattle she could crop the grass as well as any of 'em.

"She gave milk right along and more than any cow in the lot 'cept the big Holstein.

"I measured her in two weeks, and she girt just eighteen feet. This is no exaggeration, cus I measured her myself.

"Hiram was in here one day and he sez to me, 'Uncle Jed, why don't you take her to the fair?' The thought had never entered my head before. I thought it was a good plan, and so, when the fair came off, the next week, I took her over to Staceyville.

"She was lookin' fine, and I wasn't a bit surprised, when she took first premium for new milch Durhams, cus there wasn't one there that held a candle-stick to her.

"The next day I went up to one of those fellars who have those thinggermajigs that yer hit and something goes up and strikes a bell. I sez to him, 'Do you want to make some money?' 'Sure,' he sez, and so I told him about the cow. I asked him why we couldn't put her on exhibition in his tent.

"He seemed tickled, and made a big red sign a tellin' about the cow.

"We brought her up to the tent. She drew big crowds and before the fair closed we had

made fifty dollars apiece on ten-cent admission fees.

“The cattle judges tried to take the premium off, cus they didn’t notice that she had no teeth, but I said it was fair and square, and so they let it go.

“When the fair closed the fellar wanted the cow bad. He said he would give me a hundred for her, cus he wanted her for the New York dime musem.

“I sez to myself, ‘Uncle Jedidiah, good luck doesn’t come in bunches,’ and so I let him have her.

“I reckoned up my profits, the whole cost, interest money and all, and I found I made just one hundred and thirty-one dollars and one cent.

“Lem Hopkins was hoppin’ mad when he learned about it ; but he was sharp enough to keep his mouth shut.

“I never heard more about the cow : but I sez to myself, ‘Uncle Jedidiah, all’s well that ends well,’ and Mercy sez,

‘Little money is soonest spendid ;
Fewest words are soonest mended.’ ”

A. R. T., ’03.

T H E S N A R K

A TRAGEDY (!) IN THREE ACTS : A LONG WAY AFTER
LEWIS CARROLL’S “HUNTING OF THE SNARK”

CHARACTERS.

THE BELLMAN.

THE BUTCHER.

THE BEAVER.

THE BAKER.

THE BARRISTER.

THE BANKER.

THE BILLIARD-MARKER.

THE BROKER.

THE BOOTS,

THE BANDERSNATCH.

Chorus of sailors.

Chorus of “strange creeping creatures.”

SCENES.

Act I—The deck of a ship.

Act II—The shore.

Act III—A valley.

ACT I.

The deck of a ship. As the curtain rises, a boatswain’s whistle is heard without. The chorus of sailors come running in, and, after a dance, sing :

Chorus.

With a good tight ship beneath our feet,
We’re the jolliest tars of all the fleet ;
We’ll sail to the north, we’ll sail to the south,
From the Arctic’s ice to the Ganges’ mouth,

For a Snark! For a Snark!
For where’er we steer our bark,
For Iceland cold or Afric dark,
Our one idea is “Snark.”

From the east to the west you’ll never find,
Wherever to seek you have a mind,
A crew that’s as jolly as we are now,
When the waves we cut with our oaken prow,

For a Snark! For a Snark!
For where’er we steer our bark,
To Iceland or to Afric dark,
Our one idea is “Snark.”

[Exit chorus. After a pause, enter Bellman and Beaver.]

Bell. The crew is engaged at last! Not a man but will die nobly in so great a cause. Their professions declare them the bravest of the brave.

14 Latin School Register

Bea. Are they all soldiers, then ; or what are they?

Bell. Soldiers, indeed! A soldier, my dear, is only brave when there is reason for it. These men I have chosen because they have shown courage when there is no danger. Let me see. There is a Boots, a Broker, and a Barrister ; a Billiard-maker, a Banker, and a Baker ; a—

Bea. Why, they all begin with a “B.”

Bell. Yes, we shall be the busy B’s. There is one more. I-I-don’t quite like to tell you, but—

Bea. I know what it must be. You have engaged a—

Bell. A—

Bea. A butcher!

Bell. ’Tis only too true.

Bea. A butcher! How could you? (weeps)

Bell. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come. And here they all are now.

[Enter the Butcher, Baker, Barrister, Banker, Billiard-maker, Broker and Boots. All except Bellman and Beaver sing :]

Now at length we all are ready;
We are seamen, cool and steady;
Our courage is immense,
And our zeal is intense,
And for any event we’re ready.

In our captain bold we glory;
Though his ship is like a dory,
We trust ourselves to him,
And we’ll follow, sink or swim,
For in “Snarking” is our glory.

[During this chorus the Butcher has been vainly trying to get near the Beaver.]

Bea. That’s all very well for you, but as things are now, I’m going ashore at once.

Boots. What is wrong?

Bea. (solemnly pointing to Butcher) That!

Bell. Oh, these family jars! (aside).

Bar. Well, what’s wrong with *that*?

But. (flourishing his knife) Will you ’ave it off the sirloin or the rump, sir? Beaver steak is very nice.

Bea. Oh, you beast!

But. Hold on just a minute, sir, an’ I’ll ’ave a piece of the tip of the tail. Wery delicate, that is, sir.

[He rolls up his sleeves and prepares to cut up Beaver.]

Bell. Hold on; there must be some *mis*-take somewhere!

But. No, sir, nowhere; only *beaver*-steak.

[The Butcher and Beaver are separated.]

Ban. Can’t you find anything to feed us on besides this, Butcher? You see it would set a bad example to eat up one of the crew the first day.

But. It ain’t no use. I only kill beavers.

Bea. (faintly) I felt it all along in the tip of my tail.

Bar. But why on earth don’t you kill other animals besides beavers? You are simply ridiculous, sir! Explain yourself, or I’ll serve a warrant on you for libel with intent to kill.

But. Then listen :

One day the animals gave a ball,
To which the creatures, one and all,
That live in jungle, wood or stall,
Did come to see the fun.
Among them beavers of every size,
Both small and foolish, and old and wise,
With white silk mittens and gorgeous ties,
From every side did run.

But when the dancing began at last,
The beavers could not move so fast,
And not one creature by them past
But tripped upon their tail.
For a beaver’s tail, while its owner’s pride,
To lift off the ground he has never tried,
So whene’er they wanted to dance and glide,
They could not choose but fail.

Their tails entirely hid the floor;
Till the rest in anger sought the door;
And a solemn oath those creatures swore,
To kill the beavers all.
They hired me to perform the deed—

Latin School Register 15

Bak. My grief!

Boots. What's wrong now? Want a shine?

Bak. I've forgotten it!

Bel. What?

Bak. My name! What shall I do? What shall I do?

Bell. Don't stand there blubbing about it. Be a man! Get up and do something.

Bak. Boo-hoo! What? Boo-hoo!

Bell. How should I know? Go and do it right away, if not sooner. [Exit Baker.]

But. He is a valuable sailor, *he* is.

Bell. (impressively) His form is certainly ungainly, and his intellect seems to be small, but his courage, my friends, is perfect; and, after all, that is the most necessary thing in dealing with a Snark.

Bea. But you seem to be forgetting me all this time.

But. Oh, no; I haven't forgotten you for a single moment, I haven't.

Bell. (solemnly) Measures must be taken.

[Hereupon the Banker produces a foot-rule, and proceeds to measure the Beaver's tail.

Bil. What under the sun are you doing?

Ban. The captain says measures must be taken.

[While the Banker is counting the inches on the rule, the Beaver moves quietly away. The Banker, without noticing, proceeds to measure on the floor where the tail was. When he has measured about five feet, he realizes the absence of the tail, and gets up in a dazed way.]

Ban. (puzzled) There is something wrong with this rule, somehow. They sold it to me for the best rule of three, too.

[Re-enter Baker, excitedly.]

Bak. I have left them behind!

Boots. What! More of your names?

Bak. My boxes! Forty-two of them!

Bar. Why, you had them all down on the beach yesterday. I saw them myself, all marked with your name.

Bak. (madly) My name! What was it? What were they labelled? Quick!

Bar. How do you expect me to remember? It was something like candle-ends, though.

Bak. Candle-ends—no; that's no use. They made that up as a nick name; but I never liked it, somehow. It didn't seem quite polite. You'd better call me "Thing-um-a-jig" till I can think up something better.

Bro. You never will be able to think up anything at all, you know, so I wouldn't try very hard.

Ban. But all this doesn't help us much about his boxes. They were left on the beach, you say?

Bak. That's just the trouble. I should have taken them to the express office, I suppose; but I carried them myself to the beach, and then—

But. And then—

Bak. And then I forgot them:

Oh, what a thing is memory!

My friends, I do declare,
Without it life is bad enough
To make one tear one's hair.

It's pleasant to remember things
Once in a while you'll find;
But when you everything forget,
Folks say you have no mind.

And then it—it; then—it—

Oh, I've forgotten the rest!

Bell. Never mind; we don't care in the least. What did you have in the boxes, Thing-um-a-jig?

Bak. All my clothes and—

Bar. Well, you won't need any more clothes much. Why, you have on—

Bak. Not nearly enough, on my word. Just see.

[He takes off, one after the other, seven coats and waist-coats, a hat and two caps, and two pairs of boots.]

Bil. (as Baker finishes) Is that all?

Bak. That is all I have here. Now, in those boxes there were thirty-nine coats, forty—

Bell. That's all very well, but we don't care about it in the least. Suppose you hush up, while we proceed to something really important. I have one order to issue: "No one shall speak to the man at the helm, and the man at the helm shall speak to no one." This *must* be obeyed.

Bar. Who is to be the helmsman, by the way?

Bell. There isn't to be any, of course. What use would a helmsman be in an expedition of this sort?

Bar. Then I don't see the exact use of your order.

Bell. Be quiet, sir! Of course that order is useful. It is rule forty-two of the Admiralty code. Now, I want you all to see our chart—the latest kind.

[Goes to rear of stage and takes a large roll of paper from a box. He unrolls the paper, which is absolutely blank.]

Do you see? As we do not navigate the land, no land is shown. What is the use of North Poles and Equators, Zones, Tropics, and all that nonsense?

Ban. They are nothing but conventional signs.

Bell. Now, this is a chart we can all understand. Well, the tide is blowing against us, and the wind is hard-a-lee, so I think we might as well start. (calls) Helmsman! (a pause) Helmsman! (another pause) Where is that helmsman?

Bro. I think you said there wasn't any, sir?

Bell. Bless me, so I did. Here, Broker, you ought to be used to steering things; take the helm.

Bro. Me! Why, I don't know a rudder from a mainsail.

Bell. Well, you know as much as any of us.

Bro. But there's no reason why I should be helmsman, rather than any one else.

Bell. There's no reason why you shouldn't.

Bro. Suppose we draw lots for it.

Bell. Very well.

[They Draw lots.]

Bar. It's the Butcher!

Bea. (joyfully) The Butcher!

All. The Butcher!

Bea. The helmsman can never leave the helm, I suppose.

Bell. Certainly not.

Bea. That is enough to keep that creature out of my way. Perhaps it may be all right, after all.

Bell. Why, so it will. Butcher, take the helm.

But. Ay, ay, sir. (To Beaver) You just wait. [Exit.]

Bell. (calls) Shove off!

But. (without, cheerfully) Ay, ay, sir.

Bell. Hard starboard! Keep her head larboard! Unfurl the bowsprit! Haul up your rudder! Lower the anchor! Get under way!

But. (without, sadly) Ay, ay, sir.

[Curtain.]

[To be continued.]



The competition for the class oration will be held on April 1, that for the class poem on the following day. The competition for the class song closed on March 17, Bellows' words being selected.

Catilina demisso vultu.

Catiline, having thrown down his face.

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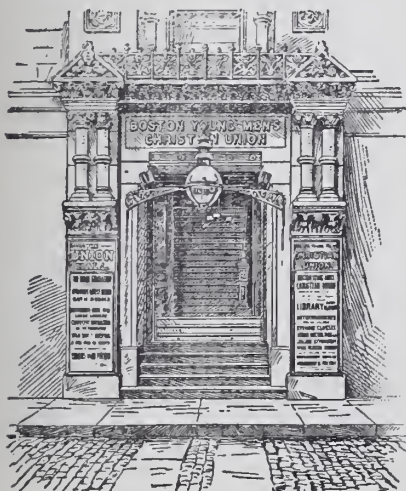
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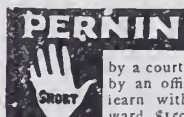
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